

myths or Irish literature or work of C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien and their fellow Oxford Inklings that people thought of as his special province. It encompassed virtually the whole of English literature, early American literature (James Fenimore Cooper was a Brady specialty; minor Twain was a Brady weakness), all American fictional modernism and, late in life, Yiddish and Jewish literature, for which he developed an entirely unpredictable fondness.

We disagreed strongly on some writers, but he was the sort of man with whom disagreement was one of the friendliest experiences you could have. If he never quite subscribed to all the hoo-ha about Jorge Luis Borges from me and others, he would, with impish geniality, point out how much he liked Anthony Burgess, and what was the name Borges, after all, but the Spanish version of Burgess?

It's also true, I think, that he was doing some of the best journalistic work of his life in his final decade. In the place of earlier reviews that could sometimes be constricted by myth (it's tempting to call such prose "myth-begotten" and hope he'd approve), his work in the past decade was informed by marvelous wit, total scholarship and a glorious new clarity. I could delude myself into thinking that our unspoken communication had something to do with it, but I know it's not the case.

I think what his readers read in the past decade was the work of a man who, besides being loved at home, had finally thrown off all the vestiges of professorial presentation. To be as great a teacher as so many generations of Canisius College students say that Charles Brady was requires a certain theatricality—a well-communicated sense of literary passion and identification, an exaggerated self-definition.

You can't just commune with the avid young scholars in the front row. If you have any honor at all, you have to communicate something to the deadheads in the cheap seats. Even if they don't understand a word you're saying, you have to give them some sense of the bardic and of the glory of a life spent in literature.

It made some of this '70s and early '80s journalism operatic in its mythology. I think. In his final decade's work, he had stopped composing operatic arias and started composing magnificent chamber music. It is then, I think, that we heard his truest voice—just as passionate as the Yeatsian visionary his students knew, but wittier, more Edwardian and seemingly effortless.

Wonderfully apropos quotes from the Alexandrian library inside his head would find their way into his work, but so would the damndest, spot-on references to the society around him.

Anyone who thought that he resided in a 1940s Oxford of his own devising would be disabused of that notion on encountering an up-to-the-minute and unfalsified Brady take on academic gender wars or a perfectly appropriate reference to gangsta rap. (I must confess, the day I first encountered the phrase "gangsta rap" in a review by the 82-year-old Brady, I threw my head back and roared with pleasure.)

He was, in that great Henry James phrase, a thoroughly independent and aware man "on whom nothing was lost."

I remember seeing Dr. Brady on an old '50s Buffalo television show called "The University of Buffalo Roundtable." The subject of Beat poetry came up. The acceptable cant from the Professoriat of the '50s—and certainly from those on that show—was that the Beats were, to a man, hairy and filthy overhyped pretenders. Brady listened patiently to it all and said, "I don't know, I haven't read all of them, but I've read some

(Lawrence) Ferlinghetti and I think he's pretty good."

Let one think that his tower was totally ivory, he was also, without fail, the most journalistically current book reviewer we had—right to the end. It never ceased to amaze me that an old valiant man in failing health was, without question, our greatest sprinter. His reviews of major books would continually precede and presage major treatment in the New York Times and the news-magazines, often by several weeks. In such matters, his instincts were impeccable.

When longtime readers lose a voice like Charles Brady's it is always a personal loss, even for those who never knew him. But at the end of his life, I think, he was teaching us all some life lessons that were infinitely greater than he ever taught in the classroom—that the life of the mind can not only survive intact to the very hour of our death, but can, until the moment one is visited by what James called "that distinguished thing," actually increase in acuity, understanding and grace.

The world is full of people whom Charles A. Brady taught how to read and write and think.

At the end of his life and bedeviled by illness, he taught us something even richer—how to be.

COAST GUARD AUTHORIZATION ACT FOR FISCAL YEAR 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. NANCY PELOSI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 9, 1995

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 1361) to authorize appropriations for fiscal year 1996 for the Coast Guard, and for other purposes:

Ms. PELOSI. Mr. Chairman, I rise today to offer my support for H.R. 1361, the Coast Guard Authorization Act of 1996.

Since 1915, the Coast Guard has played a critical role in the protection of life and property on the high seas and in the enforcement of all applicable federal laws on, over, and under our oceans. The Coast Guard has maintained coastal navigation aids, engaged in icebreaking activities and has protected our fragile environment. The Coast Guard is also responsible for the safety and security of vessels, ports, waterways, and their related facilities.

Mr. Speaker, in addition to these maritime safety responsibilities, the Coast Guard also performs drug interdiction for the entire U.S. coastline, responds to all coastal oil spills, protects U.S. fisheries, and responds to human migration crises.

H.R. 1361, which reflects a slight increase over this year's funding level, recognizes the enormous responsibilities performed by the men and women of the Coast Guard every day and it deserves our bipartisan support. I urge all of my colleagues to support this legislation.

SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE BY
SPRINGFIELD, VIRGINIA'S LEE
HIGH SCHOOL CHOIRS

HON. HENRY J. HYDE

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 10, 1995

Mr. HYDE. Mr. Speaker, once again a magnificent performance by the Lee High School Madrigal Singers and Ladies' Chamber Choir earned them "Superior" marks in the April 22 Boston Festivals of Music Competition.

Schools from the United States and Canada were competing for the honor of being judged "Superior" by receiving the highest numerical score in each category of competition within their division.

In addition to capturing the "Superior" title within their division, the Madrigal Singers were awarded the "Grand Champion" trophy for receiving the highest scores of all choirs competing in the 1995 "Boston Festival." Five scholarships to a choral summer camp were presented to the group.

The Singing Lancers, five separate choirs in all, are a terrific group of teens with many proud accomplishments. The choral program is directed by Mr. Lindsey Florence who has been with Lee since 1978 and directed numerous choirs whose efforts have resulted in award-winning performances in North America.

This special group of young vocalists love to touch the world with their songs, and that is exactly what they did yesterday. The five choirs entertained the young patients at Children's Hospital where they brought some of the children's favorite songs to life in a program they choreographed themselves. Selected choirs have performed at the White House, Drug Enforcement Administration, Virginia Music Educators Conference, and numerous civic organizations. I am very pleased to recognize the Singing Lancers and the positive image they project to their community.

I want to once again offer my personal congratulations to Mr. Florence, an exceptional music teacher, and to the following young men and women who experienced the rewards of their hard work the night they were chosen "Superior." Members of the Madrigal Singers are: Pam Albanese, Gretchen Arndt, Andy Barrett, Steph Daniels, Alisa Ersoz, Craig Goheen, Steph Hawk, Heidi Hisler, Jen Holder, Matt Horner, Cathy Javier-Wong, Robbie Johanson, Emily Mace, Tanya Moore, Scott Niehoff, Ty Oxley, Corey and John Perrine, Joe Steiner, and Becky Whittler. The members of the Ladies' Chamber Choir are: Beth Brown, Alison Cherryholmes, Rebecca Dosch, Randa Eid, Stephanie Evans, Katie Farrell, Kelly Good, Emily Henrich, Nadiyah Howard, Amy Huntington, Mary Kim, Christina Lewis, Jenn Montgomery, Sara Nahrwald, Nicole Orton, Courtney Parish, Jenny Platt, Laura Scheip, Damara Thompson, Nhen To, and Marika Tsanganelias. My very best wishes to this very special group of teens.